*Hot.* Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.

*La.* Go, ye giddy gooſe.

*The muſicke playes.*

*Hot.* Now I perceiue the diuell vnderſtands Welch
And t'is no maruell he is ſo humorous,
Birlady he is a good muſition.

*La.* Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie ſtill ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in Welſh.

*Hot.* I had rather heare Lady, my brache howle in Iriſh.

*La.* Would'ſt haue thy head broken?

*Hot.* No.

*La.* Then be ſtill.

*Hot.* Neither t'is a womans fault.

*La.* Now God helpe thee.

*Hot.* To the Welſh Ladies bed.

*La.* What's that?

*Hot.* Peace, ſhe ſings.

*Here the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.*

*Hot.* Come, Ile haue your ſong too.

*La.* Not mine in good ſooth.

*Hot.* Not yours in good ſooth? Hart you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, & as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then Finſburie:
Sweare me Kate, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, ſing.

*La.* I will not ſing.

*Hot.* Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreſt teacher; and the indentures be drawn, Ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*

*Glen.* Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As Hot, Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By



By this our booke is drawne, w
And then to horſe immediately

*Mor.* With all my heart.

*Enter the King, Prince o*

*King.* Lords giue vs leaue, the
Muſt haue ſome priuate confere
For we ſhall preſently haue nee
I know not whether God will h
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I
That in his ſecret doome, out of
Hee'le breede reuengement and
But thou doſt in the paſſages of
Make me beleeue, that thou art
For the hote vengeance, and th
To puniſh my miſtreadings. T
Could ſuch inordinate and low
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lew
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſoc
As thou art matcht withall, and
Accompany the greatnes of thy
And hold their leuell with thy

*Prin.* So pleaſe your Maie
Quit all offences with as cleare
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd
Yet ſuch extenuation let me be
As in reproo fe of many tales d
Which oft the eare of greatnes
By ſmiling pick-thanks, and ba
I may for ſome things true, whe
Hath faulty wandred, and irreg
Finde pardon on my true ſubm

*King.* God pardon thee, yet l
At thy affections, which do hol
Quite from the flight of all thy
Thy place in counſell thou haſt
VVhich by thy yonger brothe
And art almoſt an alien to the h

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34